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1899

CEREMONIES

ATTENDING THE UNVEILING

OF THE

STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

JUNE 14, 1899

PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA

BY

MR. JUSTUS C. STRAWBRIDGE

PHILADELPHIA
PRINTED BY ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
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The Gift
of
the Provost of the University
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FRANKLIN BACHE,
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PEPPER,
R. NORRIS WILLIAMS,
THOMAS LEIPER HODGE.

[All of whom are descendants of Benjamin Franklin.]

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Hon. Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston 49

Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General of the United States 53

Hon. Samuel H. Ashbridge, Mayor of Philadelphia 56

Introduction

Introduction

THIS volume is prepared as a memorial of the presentation to the city of Philadelphia of the statue of Benjamin Franklin, by Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge, of Philadelphia. His attention was directed to the fact that there did not exist in the city of Philadelphia a fitting monument to its greatest citizen. While we cannot claim Franklin as a Philadelphian by birth, it is remembered that he came to us unheralded by fame, cast his lot with our people, and here took his chances in the fortunes of the world—which seem to have dealt generously with him. It was with us that he achieved his great success in many fields of activity. We all know of his devotion to the interests of the city of Philadelphia; of the conspicuous services he rendered the Colony, and subsequently State, of Pennsylvania; the patriotic service he rendered the country during its period of War for Independence; and afterward, in the pacific and quiet upbuilding of the Republic.

It would very much transgress the limits of this introduction to refer even by title to the notable acts of Franklin's life; or to recount what he did for science, for education, or even in the thousand and one minor ways in which the service of public affairs attracted his active interest; from the gravest question to the consideration of an ordinance to

keep the streets of the town clean; nothing seemed too great—nothing too small—for his careful and philosophical attention.

Our people have good reason to felicitate the donor of the beautiful statue, which stands on the site made memorable by having been once occupied by the noble mansion erected by Pennsylvania to be a home for the President of the United States, and when that plan failed through the removal of the seat of Government, by the University of Pennsylvania for a period of seventy years, and now a permanent part of the public domain as the site of the United States Post Office.

The committee in charge of these exercises represented institutions which were directly or indirectly brought into being by Benjamin Franklin; and, indeed, it is doubtful if a parallel case can be found in the country; for instance, the Philadelphia Hospital was represented on this Committee—the first hospital inaugurated in what is now the United States; the first learned body, of which Franklin can justly be called the founder, the Philosophical Society; the Library Company, and the University of Pennsylvania. All can trace their being and authorship to the marvelous foresightedness of the man whom we honor. The Historical Society and the Franklin Institute—both organized a quarter of a century or more subsequent to Franklin's death—are the direct outgrowth of the above-mentioned institution. It would indeed be a work of supererogation to proceed in this vein.

Prior to the ceremonies at the Opera House, luncheon was served at the University Club. At the request of Mr. Strawbridge, Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith bade the guests welcome in a few most happily chosen words.

There were present the Hon. Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General; Wilson S. Bissell and Thomas L. James, former Postmasters-Generals; Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston; Mayor Samuel H. Ashbridge and his predecessors in office, Edwin S. Stuart and Charles F. Warwick; Charles C. Harrison, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; A. H. Fetterolf, President of Girard College; Richard Rathbun, of the Smithsonian Institution; E. D. Warfield, President of Lafayette College; Henry A. Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University; David P. Todd, of Amherst College; John Birkinbine, of the Franklin Institute; Coleman Sellers, Chairman of the Committee; Hon. James M. Beck, orator of the day; John J. Boyle, sculptor; E. A. Pesoli, French Consul; William Sellers, Judge Pennypacker, Joseph G. Rosengarten, Dr. John Marshall, Frank Miles Day, Hon. Henry H. Bingham, Hon. Robert Adams, Jr., Abraham L. English, John H. Converse, Franklin Bache, Isaac H. Clothier, Dr. Thomas Dunn English, Paul Leicester Ford, Sydney George Fisher, L. Clarke Davis, Abraham M. Beitler, Eugene Ellicott, Horace W. Sellers, B. Franklin Pepper, Benjamin H. Shoemaker, J. W. Bailey, John T. Morris, W. A. Breckenridge, H. H. Hoyt, Jr., James Mitchell, E. D. Hemphill, Jr., William F. Keim, John L. Sullivan, John P. Miller, L. A. Yeiser, J. Hampton Moore, William J. Hammer, and James G. Barnwell.

Procession of Students of University of Pennsylvania

Much eclat was added to the ceremonies by the presence of the greater part of the graduating classes of 1899 of the University of Pennsylvania.

The procession of the students was formed on the campus of the University at 3.15 P. M., headed by the Municipal Band; they marched down Walnut Street to Seventeenth Street, Seventeenth Street to Chestnut Street, Chestnut Street to the Opera House, where they occupied seats which had been reserved for them.

The Chief Marshal of the student body was Mr. E. D. Hemphill, Jr., President of the College Class of '99. Mr. Hemphill was assisted by Mr. John J. Sullivan, President of the Law Class of '99; Dr. W. F. Keim, President of the Medical Class of '99; Mr. L. A. Yeiser, President of the Dental Class of '99; and Mr. John P. Miller, President of the Veterinary Class of '99.

The Addresses at the Opera House

The Addresses at the Opera House

THE meeting at the Chestnut Street Opera House was called to order by Mr. Eugene Ellicott, the assistant to the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, who occupied the chair during the exercises. Mr. Ellicott first introduced Provost Charles C. Harrison.

ADDRESS OF PROVOST CHARLES C. HARRISON,

Of the University of Pennsylvania.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is a very great pleasure to me to extend on behalf of the benefactor of to-day and on behalf of the University of Pennsylvania, the American Philosophical Society, the Franklin Institute, the Library Company of Philadelphia, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and the Pennsylvania Hospital a most cordial greeting and welcome to this assembly, and to open with a few words of prelude the ceremonies which are about to take place.

With becoming and characteristic modesty, the man to whom we are indebted for this pious act prefers to remain as inconspicuous as circumstances will permit. I need hardly refer, however, to the realization of Mr. Strawbridge's gift without venturing to suggest that it affords a true and sincere ground for all of us interested in the city of our

affection to rest awhile and to reflect each for himself as to what are the conditions which make a city truly great. Upon this occasion, which Mr. Strawbridge has made so emphatic, we may well look at the work of Franklin and of the societies and institutions which he founded—of which he was a part and which he inspired—and recollect that they will last as long as the city lasts, and that their work will last longer. Are we not brought to think, upon such an occasion as this, of the difference between what is ephemeral and what is permanent, and of our own civic duty and of the city's duty, to safeguard the one and not the other, so that each generation may transmit such institutions to the next with an increased momentum of efficiency?

What the six institutions, which are here united, compass in their public good, is best set forth in these noble words of the president of Harvard University, when he said:—

"All the professions called learned or scientific are fed by them; the whole school system depends upon them, and could not be maintained in efficiency without them; they foster piety, art, literature, and poetry; they gather in and preserve the intellectual capital of the race, and are the storehouses of the acquired knowledge on which invention and progress depend; they enlarge the boundaries of knowledge; they maintain the standards of honor, public duty, and public spirit, and diffuse the refinement, culture, and spirituality without which added wealth would only be added grossness and corruption."

The thought which I would like modestly to suggest at this time is that of a scientific union for Philadelphia—for such great alliances exist elsewhere—composed of representatives each of the

learned societies, impressed with the need of united action in upholding the city's literary and scientific standing, and working in cordial and sympathetic association. And I feel quite sure that the events of to-day will have a greater fruition, if, in addition to the unveiling of the statue and the recollection of the man Franklin, we may imitate his power of combination, and associate ourselves in such alliance for the highest purposes of the city of Philadelphia.

At the conclusion of Provost Harrison's address of welcome, Mr. Ellicott introduced Hon. James M. Beck, United States Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, the orator of the day.

ADDRESS OF HON. JAMES M. BECK.

My Fellow Citizens:—Had you walked down High Street one hundred and sixty years ago you would have noticed near the market place an unpretentious dwelling, whose first floor was also a shop. There you would have seen a stalwart young man of thirty-three years, with eyes so clear and penetrating that they seemed to look into the very heart of things, and a smile so genial and captivating as to charm friend and stranger alike. Were you tempted to buy, he would have left his printing press long enough to serve you with any of his wares, which at least in variety, if not in quantity, would not have done discredit to a modern department store, for you could have bought imported books or perfumed soap, legal blanks or Rhode Island cheese, Dutch quills or live geese feathers, peddlers' books or Bohea tea, the current almanac of Poor Richard, then in great demand, or a gallon of sack, of whose quality,

if his advertisement is to be believed, even Falstaff would not have disapproved. Or if you had called in response to the advertisement in the *Gazette* that "B. Franklin pays ready money for old rags," he would have driven a bargain with you, and then have brought his purchase home in a wheelbarrow.

If you had asked the good people of Philadelphia, then a country village of about fifteen thousand people, who and what manner of man this printer-merchant was, they would have told you that he had landed fifteen years before at Market Street wharf a penniless and unknown lad, and they would have added, with the usual complaisance with which we are apt to regard the misfortunes of others, that the Colonial Governor had sent the credulous lad to London on a fool's errand, where he had added to the stern and bitter lessons already learned in that hardest and best of schools, life, and had often subsisted on meals of a half an anchovy spread on a single piece of bread. They would have told you that after working for two years in London he had returned to his adopted city, and after serving for a time as a bookkeeper and journeyman printer he had started a printing office, where he soon published the best newspaper in the colonies, a result reached by patient industry, of which his neighbors were wont to say that they found him at work in the early hours of the morning before the village was astir, and would still find him cutting his type, making with grimy hands his printer's ink, or stitching his almanacs, by the flickering light of a tallow dip, when the darkness of the night enveloped the unlighted and unpaved streets of Philadelphia. If they had had more appreciation of civic service, than I fear their descendants have, the Philadelphians of that generation would have

further informed you that no one of their number was more constant in good work and more fruitful of suggestion for the public good than this same Benjamin Franklin; that it was he, himself self-educated and living in a community of unlettered people, which could boast of no public and but one private library, who had formed the Junto, destined to be the most famous of all associations for self-improvement and the foundation upon which the goodly and noble superstructure of the American Philosophical Society was to be erected; that he had founded a public library with the then peculiar regulation that books could be borrowed and taken by the reader to the privacy of the home, and that he was known throughout the colonies as the editor of the leading American newspaper and author of the most popular almanac. At every hearthstone in colonial America "Poor Richard" was a welcome guest, and his homely wisdom at once instructed and entertained. For these and many public services he had been made Justice of the Peace, Clerk of the General Assembly, and Postmaster of Philadelphia.

To this extent they doubtless appreciated him, but had you been a prophet and told them that this man was to become one of the intellectual giants of his century, and that with each downward motion of the lever of his press his strong right arm and yet stronger intellect were moulding a republic, and that the time would soon come when this son of a tallow chandler would be sought by mighty statesmen, fêted by proud peers, crowned by titled ladies, and received in audience by the greatest monarchs of the time, they would have rewarded you with a smile of incredulity, for they as little saw in Franklin "one of the demi-gods of humanity," as Thomas Carlyle was afterwards to call him, as did that learned

Council of Salamanca see in the stranger with the threadbare coat the inspired pilot of Genoa.

We, with the greater wisdom of a later time, can see, as they can well be pardoned for not seeing, that in all the tide of time no ship or other vehicle of commerce ever brought to Philadelphia so rich a freight as did the little ship, from which the young Franklin, over one hundred and seventy-five years ago, stept to Market Street wharf, and that while apparently he had nothing of value, except a silver dollar and a few copper coins, in reality he had the wealth of a magnificent physique, inherited from generations of English blacksmiths, the greater wealth of a mind as exquisitely constructed as has yet been vouchsafed by the Father of Lights to any child of man born in the New World, and the greatest of all wealth, the strength of an indomitable heart, whose firm resolution no obstacle could turn aside or adverse circumstance defeat.

Nothing apparently seemed more unpromising of greatness than his environment. He lived in a country village, which still remained as Penn designed her, a "green country place," and was more inaccessible to civilization than Honolulu or Manila at the present day. Its society consisted of a few families and still fewer educated men and women, and the conveniences of life, as compared with those of the meanest village of like size of the present day, were pitiable in their poverty. The civilized world could scarcely be said to know of its existence, and its news of battles fought and won and treaties made and broken, crept slowly across the ocean in sailing packets, and was disseminated through the colonies through a few weekly newspapers. The people of Philadelphia were still in the very childhood of the race, ignorant, superstitious, and narrow-minded.

White men were sold in temporary bondage and African slavery existed even in the city of Pastorius. Beyond the Susquehanna was an untrodden wilderness, and the Alleghenies were regarded as the true boundaries which nature had set to the progress of the colonies. All of English birth still believed that the three estates of King, Lords, and Commons were divinely ordained. Even Benjamin Franklin would have raised his hat and bowed his form in obeisance at the mere mention of His Royal Highness George I., that "Star of Brunswick," of whose claims to their admiration an English satirist of a later century was to say that

> "He hated arts and despised literature,
> But he liked train oil on his salads
> And gave an enlightened patronage to bad oysters;
> He had Walpole as a minister,
> Consistent in his preference for every kind of corruption."

These, however, are but the superficial conditions, for it is true of Franklin, as it has been true of every great man, that he is the joint product of that direct inspiration of the Almighty to which we give the name of genius, and of extraordinary times, for as Lord Macaulay has said, "Great minds do indeed react on the society which has made them what they are, but they only pay with interest what they have received."

The century in which Franklin lived, which gave Frederick to Prussia, Chatham to England, Franklin to America, and made possible three empires, was destined to be epic in the grandeur of its achievements, and most far-reaching in its results upon the after ages. It was a period of transition. Human society was about to be reconstructed. Upon the ruins of feudalism the better superstructure of democracy was then in the slow progress of erec-

tion, and it was difficult to distinguish between the new structure and the old. Three mighty forces were engaged in this work of reconstruction, all inter-dependent and each to some extent causing and caused by the other—the dissemination of knowledge by means of the printing press, the upraising of the masses by industrial inventions, and the growth of democratic ideas. Men were soon to lose faith in the divine right of either a king, titled nobility, or State priesthood to ride, booted and spurred, upon the backs of the masses. Entail and special privilege were to be swept away. The day of the people was about to dawn. A new doctrine was to be preached, that all men were created equal, both in rights and duty, in the eyes of the law, and that the only distinction between individuals should be that earned by superior service to the common weal. War, never to cease until final triumph, was soon to be declared and waged against every form of tyranny over the mind and soul of man, while to the individual, without distinction of race, class, or creed, was to be offered that "career open to talent," that fair field and no favor, that equality of opportunity, so far as political institutions can determine the conditions of the competition, which is the basic principle of the American Commonwealth. And the very incarnation of this democratic spirit, the great exemplar of the plain people, the foremost apostle of the new gospel of equal rights, was to be this printer of Philadelphia, whose coming kings should live to dread, and whose strong right arm, ever pressing the lever of his printing press, was—like the God of Thunder, Thor—to rend in twain the English Empire and drive the Bourbons from the throne of France. Well did Thomas Penn speak of him in those early days as a "dangerous"

and "uneasy" man, and a "tribune of the people." George III. was accurate when he described him to his ministers as the "most mischievous" spirit of the Revolution. Joseph II. of Austria was wise in his day and generation when he refused to meet Franklin, with the remark that "it was his trade to reign, and he would not endanger the craft by playing with Franklin's lightning," while ill-fated Marie Antoinette, in whose proud court Franklin had stood in his plain garb as the very incarnation of that democracy which was to be her Nemesis, was to sadly say: "The time of illusions is past, and to-day we pay dear for our infatuation and enthusiasm for the American war." In this mighty social movement, the greatest since the growth of the Christian Church, Franklin was to direct and typify that fourth estate, the printing press, whose influence was even then beginning to create the now all-governing force of public opinion. He was destined to enjoy a career which, in the extent and variety of its usefulness, is wholly without a parallel in the history of democratic America. The sometime tallow chandler was to become, despite the prejudices of royal caste which had prevailed for a thousand years, the honored guest of four kings, to be crowned with laurel wreaths by titled ladies of the proudest courts in Christendom, and applauded to the echo by the very aristocracy which he came to destroy. The self-educated printer, whose education was chiefly gained in the hours of the night with borrowed books and by the flickering light of a tallow dip, was to found one college and one university, to be given the degrees of the great Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, and St. Andrews and the younger colleges of Yale and Harvard, and gladly welcomed to the fellowship of all the learned

societies of the world. The man who bought rags for ready money, and who had no library or philosophical apparatus except of the simplest description, was to captivate the imagination and chain the admiration of the world for all time by a series of scientific experiments so noble in conception and far-reaching in results as to rank his name forever with Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and Leibnitz. Like Œdipus, he was to solve the enigma of the skies. The greatest statesman of his time, whose towering genius had constructed the British Empire, the elder Chatham, was to seek the advice and information of this plain justice of the peace of Philadelphia, who, without title, wealth, star, or ribbon, engaged the ablest diplomats of Europe in a chess game of nations, in which, with a skill worthy of all admiration, he checkmated mighty kings and swept powerful statesmen as mere pawns from the chess board. Indeed, his career is not inaptly, nor with undue exaggeration, embodied in the famous epigram of Turgot:—

"*Eripuit Coelo fulmen sceptrumque tyrannis.*"

Franklin seems to me the most typical and intellectually the greatest of Americans. He was the first to attract and hold the attention of the world, and he typifies, as none other, that product of our institutions, the self-made man. He was incarnate democracy. He was a man of the people, simple in his tastes, companionable to high and low, and with scant regard for the prejudices of class and condition. When loaded down with honors received at royal and titled hands, he could still proudly remember his modest beginning and the days of his early married life when he was clad from head to foot in homespun of his wife's spinning, and when in his later years he had ceased for nearly

forty years to be a printer by occupation, he still wrote himself down in his will for all time as "Benjamin Franklin, printer." The two Americans who seem to come most directly from the very heart of the masses, and who best typify the average of American character, are Franklin and Lincoln, and both united in their personalities the qualities of good humor, genial fellowship, generous optimism, originality of thought, simplicity of ideas, inventive genius, unwearying industry, inquisitive acquisitiveness, and love of freedom, which are the peculiar characteristics of our people.

Some may challenge my statement that Franklin is in intellect the greatest of Americans, and give preference to his great contemporary, Washington. There is a moral grandeur and dramatic interest in the deeds of the Lion of Trenton, which will ever place him first in the hearts of Americans. His services on the field of battle appeal most to the imagination of men, and his inestimable influence as the first President of the Republic will ever give him preëminence in its history. The man on horseback casts a longer shadow than he who walks upon the ground, and in the epic of our independence, Nestor must give place to our "king of men." But in yielding the willing tribute of our admiration to Agamemnon, let us not withhold the due meed of praise to him, who was at once Nestor and Ulysses. When Washington, an unknown lad of sixteen years, was surveying the Fairfax estate, and before Hamilton, Madison, Jay, Warren, John Paul Jones, Knox, and Marshall were even born, Franklin had become famous throughout the world by his discovery of the nature of lightning. He was a power in the colonies and was influencing their thought when Sam Adams was leaving Harvard, and Jefferson, Han-

cock, Patrick Henry, and Richard Henry Lee were children. He had submitted to the Council of Albany the first formal draft for a union of the colonies, and was urging its necessity as the delegate of Pennsylvania, when Washington was making his first and last surrender at Fort Necessity. Indeed, the length and variety of Franklin's public services have never been surpassed, to my knowledge, and rarely equalled. For sixty-eight years he served his country and mankind. His services commenced when, as a mere lad of sixteen, he fought for liberty of the press in Boston, and continued without interruption to his eighty-fourth year, when from his sick bed he advised with reference to important public measures.

He was the mentor of his countrymen. He prepared them for their long struggle with England by inculcating lessons of thrift and independence, by his homely and epigrammatic wisdom, which, while it may seem pennywise to us in these days of opulence, yet was in that day of little wealth and small beginnings essential to the well-being of America. He advocated the necessity of union and as early as 1754 drew the first plan to secure it. In England he was the champion and defender of the colonies, and rendered them two services, which were indispensable to American independence. The first was the repeal of the Stamp Act, which postponed the struggle until the colonists were strong enough to defend themselves, and the other and more important was the series of effective pamphlets and satirical polemics, not inferior in biting satire to those of Swift, by which he divided public sentiment in England and secured for America the sympathy of such men as the elder Chatham, Burke, Fox, Shelburne, the Marquis of Rockingham, Doc-

tor Priestley, and many others. For thirty years he led the Liberal Party of Pennsylvania in its long assault on the hereditary privileges of the Penns and the visionary idealism of the Quakers, which was unsuited to those times "that tried men's souls." Would the triumph of Washington have been possible without the formal treaty of alliance with France, and the fleets and armies which were sent by that generous ally to America? To whom more than to Franklin do we owe this alliance? The man whose name alone of all Americans is to be found appended to the four greatest documents of the period, the Declaration of Independence, the treaty of alliance with France, the treaty of peace with England, and the Constitution of the United States, need not yield in all the elements of greatness even to the courageous soldier and masterful President.

No American who has ever lived, and indeed few of any race or time, ever shone so resplendently in so many different ways. The traditional versatility of the present hero of dramatic literature, Cyrano de Bergerac, is fairly shamed by one who was successively a tallow wick cutter, printer's devil, printer, merchant, justice of the peace, alderman, postmaster, Postmaster-General, private soldier, colonel, general, editor, author, humorist, musician, scientist, philosopher, diplomat, statesman, and philanthropist. In himself he combined many of the qualities and achievements of Newton, Talleyrand, Addison, Swift, Voltaire, Chatham, Wilberforce, Greeley, and Defoe. One can sum up this extraordinary man with the simple statement that, "tried by the arduous greatness of things done," he thought more, said more, wrote more, and did more that was of enduring value than any man yet born of woman under the skies of free America.

That I may not be accused of placing an exaggerated emphasis upon Franklin's career, let me briefly refer to the estimate placed upon him by men who, by their very prominence in literature, science, or politics, can be said to speak *ex cathedra.* Lord Jeffries speaks of him as the most rational of all philosophers, and adds that "no individual, perhaps, ever possessed a juster understanding." Sir James Mackintosh regarded him as the "American Socrates," and the philosopher Kant spoke of him as the "Prometheus, who brought fire from heaven." Brougham says of him that he was "one of the most remarkable men of our times as a politician, or of any age as a philosopher," and he adds that Franklin "stands alone in combining together these two characters, the greatest that man can sustain, in this, that having borne the first part in enlarging science by one of the greatest discoveries ever made, he bore the second part in founding one of the greatest empires of the world." "The philosopher, the friend and the lover of his species," says Edmund Burke. It was he who said of Franklin's examination at the bar of the Commons, that it reminded him of a lot of schoolboys examining a master. Speaking of his scientific writings, Sir Humphrey Davy says, "A singular felicity of induction guided all Franklin's researches, and by very small means he established very grand truths. He has written equally for the uninitiated and for the philosopher, and has rendered his details amusing as well as perspicuous, elegant as well as simple." One of the greatest of English judges, Sir Samuel Romilly, pays this remarkable tribute: "Of all the celebrated persons whom in my life I have chanced to see, Dr. Franklin, both from his appearance and conversation, seemed to me the most remarkable.

His venerable, patriarchal appearance, the simplicity of his manner and language, and the novelty of his observations, impressed me as one of the most extraordinary men that ever existed." Brissot, the leader of the Girondins, said that he had "found in America a great number of enlightened politicians and virtuous men, but none who appear to possess in so high a degree as Franklin the characteristics of a real philosopher." The lofty and noble Madison, in announcing his death on the floor of Congress, spoke of him as "an illustrious character, whose native genius has rendered distinguished services to the cause of science and mankind, and whose patriotic exertions have contributed in a high degree to the independence and prosperity of this country," while Jefferson said that men could "succeed, but none replace him." Horace Greeley regards him as the greatest self-made man in the history of the world, and places him above Washington, "as the consummate type and flowering of human nature under the skies of Colonial America." "I have no patience with anybody who cannot admire everything that Franklin wrote," said Sydney Smith. Voltaire, his great contemporary, with whom he shared the honors of the French Academy, spoke of him as "the sage and illustrious Franklin, the most respectable man of America." Even John Adams says of Franklin's reputation in Europe that it was "more universal than that of Leibnitz or Newton, Frederick or Voltaire, and his character more beloved and esteemed than any or all of them. His name was familiar to government and people, to kings, courtiers, nobility, clergy, and philosophers, as well as plebians, to such a degree that there was scarcely a peasant or a citizen, a *valet de chambre*, coachman or footman, a lady's chamber-

maid or a scullion in the kitchen who was not familiar with it, and who did not consider him a friend of mankind."

When his death was announced in the National Assembly of France, that body paid a rare tribute to any foreigner, by resolving, on motion of Mirabeau, which was seconded by Rochefoucald and Lafayette, that mourning be worn for three days in his memory. The orator and giant of the French democracy delivered the eulogium, in which he said: "Franklin is dead. The genius that freed America and poured a flood of light over Europe has returned to the bosom of the divinity. The sage whom two worlds claim as their own, the man for whom the history of science and the history of empires contend with each other, held without doubt a high rank in the human race. * * * Antiquity would have raised altars to this mighty genius, who, to the advantage of mankind, compassing in his mind the heavens and the earth, was able to restrain alike thunderbolts and tyrants. Europe, enlightened and free, owes at least a token of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who have ever been engaged in the service of philosophy and of liberty."

But the tribute to Franklin which will most impress an American is that of his great and noble contemporary, Washington, who in the last letter that he ever wrote to Dr. Franklin, when the latter was lying on a bed of illness, said, "If to be venerated for benevolence, if to be admired for talents, if to be esteemed for patriotism, if to be beloved for philanthropy, can gratify the human mind, you must have the present consolation to know that you have not lived in vain. And I flatter myself that it will not be ranked among the least grateful occurrences

of your life to be assured that so long as I retain my memory you will be recollected with respect, veneration, and affection by your sincere friend, George Washington."

His greatness can be measured in still other ways, and by facts which speak with more eloquence than mere words. No little mind or narrow soul could ever have enjoyed the exalted friendships which, above every other American, were the privilege of Franklin. He seemed to charm almost all with whom he came in contact, and the friends he made he almost never lost. Even his friends in England remained such after Lexington, and the tie was never broken by the coming of a revolution, which divided father from son and brother from brother. Much of this must have been due to the exquisite charm of his conversation. While he listened well and spoke little, yet when he conversed, his auditor enjoyed the great and rare privilege of communion with an intellect of the first order. Conversations often represent the spontaneous flow of man's thought and feeling, and are often more valuable than the labored efforts of the pen, and it seems an infinite pity that the conversation of such intellects as William Shakespeare and Benjamin Franklin have been almost wholly lost to the world. In the circles of friends which he enjoyed in Philadelphia, London, and Paris, he was another Dr. Johnson, with more *savoir faire*, however, than characterized the opinionated and brusque pedant of Fleet Street. Ah, had there been but a Boswell for this greater than Johnson! We can faintly grasp what the charm of his acquaintance must have been by the eagerness with which the greatest men of the age sought his friendship. Apart from the great Americans of the day, he enjoyed the friendship in England of Peter

Collinson, Dr. Fothergill, Mr. Strahan, Lord Shelburne, Lord Stanhope, both the elder and the younger Pitt, the first of whom sought him on a number of occasions for advice and counsel with regard to the colonies, and the latter, when a young man, visited him at Passy; Edmund Burke, Dr. Jonathan Shipley, the Bishop of St. Asaph's, Adam Smith, who submitted to him the unpublished manuscript of his "Wealth of Nations"; Hume, Dr. Priestley, Lord Camden, Dr. Hadly, of Cambridge; Robertson, Lord Kames, Dr. Price, Lord Bute, the Rev. George Whitefield, Benjamin West, Sir John Pringle, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord De-Spencer, Lord Bathurst, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Jeremy Bentham, the Bishop of Derry, Charles James Fox, and even the genial but pliant Lord North. In France his acquaintance included De Vergennes, Turgot, the Abbe Reynal, Buffon, Condorcet, Mirabeau, Malesherbes, and Voltaire.

We can measure the greatness of the man in an even more practical way by a mere statement of the many positions of public trust and honor which were often thrust upon him. His principle was never to ask for, refuse, or resign an office, and frequently he served simultaneously in at least three positions of great responsibility. Among the offices held by him in the earlier part of his public life can be mentioned justice of the peace, alderman, member of the Assembly, Postmaster of Philadelphia, Postmaster of America under the Crown, first Postmaster-General of America under the Confederation, Commissioner to make an Indian treaty, deputy to the Congress at Albany, agent for Pennsylvania and later for Georgia, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, colonel of the first military company, general for a brief period of the provincial militia,

director of the Pennsylvania Hospital, the Union Fire Company, and of the Philadelphia Library, and President of the American Philosophical Society. As a member of the Assembly he was appointed to answer the communication of the Colonial Governor with reference to the taxation of the proprietary estates, to visit General Braddock's camp, to secure the necessary supplies for his army, to raise and expend money to arm Pennsylvania in the Fall of 1755, when conflagration and massacre raged on its borders. He became Speaker of the Assembly of Pennsylvania, agent of Pennsylvania to protest against the Stamp Act, and while in London was appointed by the English Government to devise lightning rods for St. Paul's Cathedral and draw up a plan for the protection of the principal powder magazines, as later the French Government appointed him to investigate Mesmer. When he had returned from England, and the revolution had commenced, the work of Franklin, then an old man of seventy, borders on the incredible. He at once threw himself into the internal struggle which was to determine whether Pennsylvania would follow independence or would be a fatal obstacle to it, and became the leader of the liberal party. He was elected deputy for Pennsylvania to the Continental Congress, and as a member of more than ten of its committees rendered valuable service and helped to establish a postal system throughout the continent, draw up a declaration to be published by Washington on taking command of the army, investigate the sources of saltpetre, negotiate a treaty with the Indians, attend to the designing and engraving of the Continental money, secure salt and lead, and report a plan for regulating and protecting the commerce of the colonies. Late in July, 1776, he prepared a plan for the

permanent union and efficient government of the colonies. He served as chairman of the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, which at that time ruled the Commonwealth, and prepared plans to fortify the Delaware and arm the city and State. He arranged the system of posts and expresses for the safe conveyance of dispatches, formed a line of packet vessels to sail between Europe and America, helped to promote the circulation of Continental money, and drafted instructions for the generals in the field. In October he was elected a member of the new Assembly of Pennsylvania, and as one of a committee of three visited Washington, then in camp at Cambridge, and conferred with him as to the all-important work of raising and supplying the army. After an absence of six weeks he returned to Philadelphia and drew up resolutions to shut up the British customs houses and open the ports of America to the commerce of the world, except Great Britain. He was one of the committee, which met the unknown Frenchman, who brought the unofficial tender of help from France, and was appointed a member of the committee to correspond secretly with friends in Great Britain, Ireland, and other parts of the world, and upon him fell the greater portion of this arduous and most delicate labor. When Silas Deane was sent as secret agent to Paris it was Franklin who prepared a letter of instructions for him, and when the news reached Philadelphia of disasters to the American army in Canada, it was again the aged Franklin, who was appointed on a committee to confer with General Arnold, and although the Winter had not passed, this grand old man, nothing daunted by age or the evident dangers of the journey, left Philadelphia, journeyed to Montreal, and conferred with the generals in camp. He had hardly

returned to Philadelphia before he was elected to a Constitutional Convention to frame a Constitution for the province, of which convention he was unanimously chosen president. Not least in honor, he was appointed by Congress one of the Committee of Five to draft the Declaration of Independence. These were the labors of Hercules, and it is not surprising that we find him writing to Dr. Priestley that they commenced at six in the morning with the Committee of Safety, where he worked until nine, when he went to Congress, which was in session until four o'clock in the afternoon, while the remainder of the day until far in the night was spent in conferring with the various committees and supervising with his marvelous knowledge of detail and executive capacity the intricate and arduous work of at once constructing and defending a new Government.

When Congress resolved to send an embassy to France he was unanimously elected. It was no small or easy task for him at his time of life, with English privateers guarding the ocean, to accept so difficult and dangerous a mission, but without hesitation or fear of consequences he at once said to Dr. Rush, who sat next to him, "I am old and good for nothing, but, as the storekeepers say of their remnants of cloth, 'I am but a fag end, you may have me for what you please.'" When he reached Paris the affairs of America were desperate, but he soon procured substantial assistance in money and arms, and later the all-important treaty of alliance. He finally became the sole Minister Plenipotentiary in France, and with his grandson as a single clerk did work which has rarely been surpassed either in importance or difficulty in the whole annals of diplomacy. His duties were far

more than those of a diplomat. They became those of the treasurer of the United States, for when resources were exhausted and credit gone, and Robert Morris was begging from door to door on his personal credit the means to keep Washington's army together and prevent its disintegration, Congress, in its last bitter extremity, had recourse to drawing bills on Dr. Franklin, with a sublime faith that in some way the genius of the old man would enable him to meet them. He wrote to Mr. Jay, "The stream of bills which I found coming upon us both has terrified and vexed me to such a degree that I have been deprived of sleep, and so much indisposed by continual anxiety as to be rendered almost incapable of writing." Washington wrote to Franklin, showing the desperate nature of the crisis, "We must have one of two things—peace or money from France," and to the same import came letters from Robert Morris and other members of Congress. Franklin wrote a letter to De Vergennes, which appealed so strongly both to the chivalry and interest of France that he obtained six million francs for immediate transmission to America, a gift the more remarkable when we consider that France was herself at war, and in sore need of its sinews.

His labors became so arduous that when the crisis was passed he requested to be relieved. The only reply was to add to his heavy burdens by appointing him commissioner with Adams and Jay to consider the tenders of peace, and, undaunted by the immensity of his labors and by his unbroken fifty years of public service, he proceeded to conduct and supervise these negotiations with both England and France. On his return from France, after nine years of absence and arduous toil, he might well have pleaded exemption from further service. He

was then seventy-nine years of age, suffering from an incurable malady, which made any motion on his part painful to the verge of torture, and yet he had hardly returned to America before he was elected the first President of Pennsylvania and a member of the Federal Convention to frame the Constitution. Well could he say with his usual good nature, "I have not firmness enough to resist a unanimous desire of my country folk, and I find myself harnessed again in their service for another year. They engrossed the prime of my life, they have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones." Twice he was reëlected President of the State, and served as its chief executive, although sick and infirm in health and past his eightieth year.

Elected to the Constitutional Convention, he sat as a member for nearly four months, and his services on the floor were invaluable. It was he—the so-called atheist—who proposed at a critical time that the help of God should be invoked by prayer to solve difficulties which seemed insuperable, and in which he uttered the well-known sentence, which—"lest we forget"—should be written in letters of gold upon the Capitol of our country:—

"I have lived, sir, a long time, and the longer I live the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, that God governs in the affairs of men, and if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?"

When disagreement with consequent disruption of the Confederation seemed inevitable on the question of representation, it was Franklin who proposed the happy expedient which solved the difficulty, of an equal representation of all the States in the Senate and a proportionate representation in

the House, and it is within the bounds of sober statement to say that this happy compromise saved the Constitution and with it the nation. When, their arduous labors ended, the members voted for the Constitution, it was again the sage old doctor who gained the formal approval to the instrument of a considerable minority by one of his most tactful and witty speeches, but for which unanimity, adoption by the States might have been impossible. It was he, prophet and sage as well as statesman, who, when the members were signing the immortal instrument, looked "towards the President's chair, at the back of which a rising sun happened to be painted, and observed to the few members near him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish in their art a rising from a setting sun," and thereupon this old man, who knew that he could not live to see the prosperity and greatness of his beloved country, to whose construction he had given the mighty labors of his life, and who knew, that like Moses from Pisgah's height, he could only view from afar the promised land, but not enter, said, "I have often and often in the course of this session and the vicissitudes of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting, and now at length I have the happiness to know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

These varied positions of trust and honor were the estimate placed upon Franklin by those who knew him in his life, and it cannot be that posterity will be content to value less public services so unequaled in extent, variety, and importance. Indeed, the best tribute to Franklin may have been that of a revolutionary club in Paris, which in celebrating his death placed his bust, crowned with oak leaves, on a ped-

estal, upon which was written the single word "*Vir.*" It expresses the whole truth. In the vigor of his body, strength of his mind, and magnificent courage of his heart, he was preëminently a man, of whom one can say, in the sublime words of the greatest of his race, "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!"

Such is the man in whose honor we are met today. We are assembled to accept at the hands of one of the most public spirited of our townsmen a noble statue of Philadelphia's greatest citizen, and I would fail to voice your sentiments or my own, did I not express to the generous donor of this statue our appreciation as a community of a gift, which will not only serve for centuries to come to adorn one of our leading thoroughfares, but will call to the mind of generations yet unborn the incomparable achievements of the printer of Philadelphia. It is also a source of gratification that this noble work of art is itself the product of a Philadelphia sculptor, for whom as yet there has been, after our manner as a community, but too scant recognition, to whom we also extend our cordial congratulations. The location of the statue is most appropriate. Situated in front of the Federal Building, it will call to mind the imposing part which Franklin played in the founding of the Republic. Standing upon the former site of the University of Pennsylvania, it will serve to remind our people of that great institution of learning, which Franklin did so much to develop, and whose advancement should be the object of our earnest solicitude.

More than this, the statue should serve to call

to our minds, even though it result in our humiliation, our neglect of his memory. Indeed, the very suggestion of this statue came from the strange indifference of Philadelphia to the memory of her greatest son. The generous donor of this statue attended a dinner several years ago with one, who, if I believed in the transmigration of souls, I would think was Franklin re-incarnated, for I know of no one of this generation who in the versatility of his accomplishments, vigor of mind, never-tiring industry and loyal devotion to the public good, more resembled Franklin than the late Dr. William Pepper. At this dinner Dr. Pepper commented upon the fact that although Franklin was dead for more than a century, Philadelphia had failed to commemorate his incomparable services to his city, his country, and mankind by any fitting or adequate memorial. Inspired by this suggestion, Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge has added another to his long list of useful and for the most part unknown benefactions.

Philadelphia is slow—in self-appreciation. She does not, like the mother of the Gracchi, say to her talented children, "These are my jewels," but on the contrary seems strangely indifferent to her offspring. For her noble founder, one of the loftiest spirits of his century, she has no adequate memorial, unless we accept the bronze monstrosity on the tower of the City Hall. She has permitted the mortal remains of Franklin to rest in a neglected corner of an abandoned cemetery, and his very dwelling to be destroyed. The heroic devotion of her great financier, Robert Morris, she gratefully rewarded with imprisonment in a debtor's jail, and to this hour no statue exists to commemorate his services. She maligned Girard after he had risked his life to save her people from the deadly scourge of the yellow

fever, and when he had made her the legatee of an imperial fortune, it was not until sixty-six years after his death that Philadelphia honored him with a public statue. For Rittenhouse, Bartram, Wilson, Kane, Rush, Gross, Leidy, and Pepper she has not as yet placed so much as one stone upon another to commemorate their services to learning and mankind. Florence has a single street, upon which, as an evidence of civic pride, are statues of her mighty sons, of Petrarch, Giotto, Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Boccacio, Dante, Cellini, and Savonarola. Philadelphia, far from honoring until to-day its one great citizen of cosmopolitan rank and dignity, has preferred to disparage his memory, and when a few months ago an English lecturer, Mr. Hudson Shaw, in the course of a lecture upon the American Revolution, threw the face of Franklin upon a screen, a portion of the audience deliberately hissed it. And yet, if there were one whose tireless industry shaped and moulded Philadelphia, to whom we are indebted for the foundation of most that is good in our public life, who from the time that he retired from business to give his life to the public good, labored unceasingly to advance his city and country, who has made her name famous through the civilized world, and who never had for the city of his adoption other than a helpful and kindly word, that man was Dr. Benjamin Franklin.

I am not unaware of the witticism that the greatest of Philadelphians was a Bostonian, or, as Dr. Holmes has paraphrased it, that Franklin was a "citizen of Boston who dwelt for a little while in Philadelphia." The *mot* may be witty, but is lacking in truth. The two greatest factors in human development are heredity and environment. So far as the former is concerned Franklin is not the product of

Boston. If heredity be alone considered, it should be Dr. Benjamin Franklin of England, for not only his ancestry but his immediate parents were English. Boston exercised but little influence in the moulding of Franklin's character, for he spent but few of his conscious, intelligent years in its streets. With the noble Boston of our day, the Boston of Emerson, Longfellow, Dr. Holmes, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Agazzis, and Dr. Gray, Franklin would have been in entire sympathy, but with the Boston which cut off ears, bored tongues, branded faces, slit noses, and whipped women for the expression of harmless opinions, he could have no fellowship. Philadelphia, alone of American communities, had at that time a spirit sufficiently cosmopolitan and tolerant of opinion to allow the great soul of Franklin to grow, and he is as much a part of her as the oak is a part of the ground from which it derives its sustenance. So great a personality as Franklin's cannot, however, be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within any one community. Unquestionably Paris and London, as well as Philadelphia and Boston, helped to mould his character, and, rightly considered, it is Benjamin Franklin, not of Philadelphia alone, nor of America, but Benjamin Franklin of the world, one of the greatest of the noble order of cosmopolites. Nevertheless, so far as he had any local habitation, it was Philadelphia, and it was with no unmeaning phrase that at the end of his life he wrote himself down for all time as "Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, printer." In so doing he conferred upon his adopted city a lasting honor, for to be the city of Franklin is to be forever "no mean city."

Why has our city failed to fully recognize the honor done her, or to show her pride in the achievements of her mighty son? Certain hereditary prej-

udices, which should have died more than a century ago, still continue, by a mysterious kind of atavism, to affect a portion of our people. There were Philadelphians in his time who disliked him, partly because he was a *novus homo*, or self-made man, partly because of his religious convictions which were heterodox, partly because of the envy which success always inspires, but chiefly because in his long assault on the selfish privileges of the Penns and his constant assertion of democratic principles, he had incurred the dislike and opposition of the select few, who formed what was then called society. Time was when in Philadelphia it was not "fashionable" to visit Franklin. Time *is* when in a small and ever decreasing circle it *is* not fashionable to praise him.

He had his failings and errors and was human. Of these errata he frankly speaks. His morality was that of his age—an age which still applauded Congreve, and whose heroes of fiction were "Tom Jones" and "Peregrine Pickle," and in which a minister could write "Tristam Shandy." Franklin was better than his age in this, that he did not pay to virtue, as others did, the crowning insult of hypocrisy. The worst we know of him we know from his own pen, and to me there is a moral heroism in the fact that when this old man, honored with the esteem of the great and good of three nations, wrote his autobiography, he freely and without extenuation for the welfare of the American youth and in expiation, called attention to the errors of his life. To me this was as heroic as was the conduct of Dr. Johnson, when at the height of his fame he remembered that as a boy he had refused to sell books in a market stall for his father, and went to the market place and stood with bared head in the presence of a curious crowd in penance for his wrong of many years before.

It is said that he was a time-serving opportunist, but surely no charge can have less justification. From the time when as a boy of seventeen he battled for the liberty of the press by taking his brother's place as editor of the New England *Courant*, when the latter was thrown into a loathsome prison, to his last year, when, within twenty-four days of his death, he wrote his noble protest against slavery, Franklin's life was one long, manly, continuous, and courageous protest against wrong. His whole public career was a protest against existing abuses. When even Christian ministers were defending from their pulpits the massacre of Christianized Indians, it was Franklin who in the very teeth of popular sentiment called murder murder, and went forth to meet the bloodthirsty rioters and turned them from their murderous intent. True, he was not a visionary idealist. Recognizing that all progress is an evolution, he was content to take one step at a time. He fought vigorously against the Stamp Act, but when it was passed he advised his countrymen to avoid any violence, for he believed with Washington and Jefferson that the colonies were not yet ready to resist by force the demands of Great Britain, and like them he believed in and sought to preserve as long as possible the unity of the English empire. He was intensely practical and was never carried away with the hysteria of tea parties or other violent outbreaks. But when the embattled farmers fired the first shot Franklin threw himself into the conflict with all the ardor of his mighty heart, and was so radical that he joined hands with Sam Adams in the proposition that if all of the colonies would not join in the Declaration of Independence it should be the act of such as would. When he learned that it was proposed to re-enact the Stamp Act he wrote,

"I have some little property in America. I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend my right of giving or refusing the other shilling, and, after all, if I cannot defend that right I can retire cheerfully with my little family into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistence to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger." In the first days of the Revolution he remained in London when it was no longer safe for him to do so, and when he was under the imminent peril of arrest and confinement, and when later, in Paris, the agents of the English Embassy sought to bribe him with the promise of a lifelong pension and a peerage, Franklin scornfully replied, "These propositions of delivering ourselves bound and gagged, ready for hanging, without even the right to complain, without a friend to be found afterward among all mankind, you would have us embrace upon the faith of an Act of Parliament. Good God, an Act of your Parliament! This demonstrates you do not yet know us, and you fancy we do not know you, but it is not merely this flimsy faith we are to act upon. You offer us hope, the hope of places, pensions, and peerages. These, judging from yourselves, you think are motives irresistible. We consider it as a sort of tar and feather honor, or a mixture of foulness and folly, which every man among us, who should accept it from your king, would be obliged to renounce or exchange for that conferred by the mobs of their own country, or wear it with everlasting infamy."

It is claimed that he was selfish, grasping, and avaricious, but to this criticism his whole life is a consistent denial. From the time that he landed in Philadelphia, when he shared his last dollar with a poor woman, to the time when he gave to his city

a considerable portion of his fortune in the hope, pathetically expressed, that he could be "useful even after my death," his life was a constant benefaction. It was no niggard who at forty-two gave up a lucrative business to give his life to public services, who taught the political doctrine that public officials should not be compensated, who, having invented an object of great utility, the Franklin stove, declined a patent and preferred to share its usefulness with the rest of mankind without any profit to himself, and who on the eve of his departure to Paris gathered together all available funds, at the time when the cause of the Republic seemed darkest, and gave its use to the Continental Congress, and who finally gave to both the cities of Boston and Philadelphia public bequests, of which we are even now reaping the benefit. Few men have ever made a freer or more generous use for the public good, not only of his pecuniary means but of the abilities with which he had been endowed by God.

Franklin is worthy of our admiration. As modern life becomes more complex the race grows, the individual wanes, and it can be fairly questioned whether, taking him for all in all, we will ever look upon his like again. Detraction cannot lessen his greatness, for, as Poor Richard says: "Act uprightly and despise calumny; dirt may stick to a mud wall but not to polished marble."

You will pardon me a final thought. Franklin cared little for mere rhetoric as rhetoric. Unless it served a useful purpose, it was to him as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal," and I cannot therefore imitate his spirit better than in venturing to submit in conclusion some practical suggestions as to how we can redeem our neglect of this great man. I venture to make the following suggestions

which Philadelphia could and should carry out to honor Franklin, and all of them would be less than is merited by his incomparable public services.

His remains rest in a neglected and abandoned cemetery. We should reverently exhume them, together with those of his wife, and give them fitting sepulture in that sacred edifice, which once echoed to his footsteps, and within whose walls he did his greatest work. In a sarcophagus of polished granite, not inferior in its natural beauty to that of the great Napoleon, and placed in the hallway of Independence Hall, his remains should rest, so that the generations which in coming centuries shall pass through this birthplace of American liberty, can see the last resting place of the great philosopher, and know that Philadelphia fitly honors her greatest son.

We should develop and advance the great institutions which he either founded or which bear his name. With the abundant wealth of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania we can make the University of Pennsylvania in the coming century the greatest in the western hemisphere, and our Commonwealth should do this, in recognition of the services to the cause of higher education, of its first President, Benjamin Franklin. Philadelphia should provide for the further development of the new public library, which might well be called the Franklin Library, and of the Franklin Institute, which, while it was not founded by him, yet in view of its especial objects fittingly bears his name. Indeed, the city of Philadelphia should condemn for the purposes of a public plaza the plot of ground between Broad and Fifteenth and Filbert and Arch, and then give permission both to the Franklin Institute and the Philadelphia Library to erect noble temples on the

eastern and western fronts, and the plaza, which would thus be between the institute and the library, could fittingly be called the Franklin Plaza.

To that France, which welcomed him and which sent to us its knightly Lafayette, we owe an especial debt. In her queenly city by the Seine Franklin lived and worked for nine years. Passy is now a part of Paris, and upon it is in part the site of the next great Exposition. To Philadelphia, in its Centennial year, Paris made a noble gift. Let us before another year and on the occasion of the coming Exposition send to Paris a replica of this noble statue, in memory of Franklin and as a reciprocal pledge of our lasting friendship and good-will.

The truest monument to Franklin is Philadelphia herself, and we can best honor his memory by giving to the city which he so dearly loved the best labor and service, of which our hands and minds are capable. To do this we must have the enlightened spirit of a city of cosmopolitan rank and dignity. We must make Philadelphia as Franklin sought to make her, beautiful. Philadelphia is the one city, which in its very name recalls that little nation of antiquity, whose glorious achievements in peace and war, in literature and art, still make her fame undiminished and imperishable. America is young and the long centures are before her. The race for civic supremacy is still to be run. Let Philadelphia but have the spirit of her Franklin, let each of her people but give to her, as he did, the best service of his hand and brain, and it will come to pass that on the banks of the Delaware, and in a republic grander than was Greece, there will rise a new Athens, and a more perfect "City of the violet crown."

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Mayor of Boston, was then introduced by Mr. Eugene Ellicott.

ADDRESS OF HON. JOSIAH QUINCY,

Mayor of Boston.

When I received the kind invitation of the distinguished body under whose auspices these exercises are held to-day, I was highly gratified, as it seemed to me that the city of Boston had to be represented on this occasion.

The orator of the day has just spoken of Franklin's connection with Boston, and has claimed him for Philadelphia. I think that both cities can equally well claim him. Boston's claim to Franklin is that he was born there; that he lived there for fifteen years; that he came from Boston parents, and that at the close of his life he retained enough recollection of Boston, the city of his birth, to make to it, with Philadelphia, a unique bequest, which would reach maturity one hundred years after his death. The city of Boston thus holds to-day a fund of over $300,000, which is being put to a use that will well perpetuate his memory and will carry out a project which was dear to the heart of Franklin.

Is there any doubt that there was no statesman of his time in the United States save he who could have brought about the alliance between this country and the powerful French nation? He was so great that no locality can call him wholly its own. Boston, Philadelphia, and the entire country can rejoice that Benjamin Franklin was an American.

From the window of my official office in the City Hall, in Boston, I can look out and see a bronze statue erected to the memory of Franklin, and this is meet, because within a stone's throw of that same

ANDOVER THEOL. SEMINARY
MAR 5 1900
LIBRARY.

City Hall the parents of Franklin lived and that great genius was born.

When we in Boston, some years ago, sought for a name to give our greatest park, we chose that of Franklin. While, indeed, most of his career was associated with Philadelphia, we of Boston also hold him in as deep and grateful remembrance as the city wherein to-day a statue is dedicated to him.

It is a pleasing and proper thing that Philadelphia recognizes her great obligation to her famous son by the erection and completion of a splendid monument.

Franklin accomplished his great work by his early determination to educate himself, and to make himself a master of the English language, and his fixity of purpose to so know his mother tongue that he could express in it his most subtle thoughts. He above all others of his early days, helped lay the foundation of American independence, and in the unveiling of his monument to-day Philadelphia does honor to one of her greatest citizens.

The Ceremonies in Front of the Post Office

The Ceremonies in Front of the Post Office

At the conclusion of Mayor Quincy's remarks the audience adjourned to the plaza on the south side of the Post Office Building, where the statue of Franklin had been erected. A large number of citizens were assembled, and Postmaster-General Smith made the following presentation speech in behalf of the donor, Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge. At the conclusion of his address the statue was unveiled by Miss Margaret Hartman Bache, a descendant of Franklin.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH,

Postmaster-General of the United States.

Mr. Mayor and Fellow-Citizens:—The high public spirit and the generous munificence of a private citizen always modest, but ever active and distinguished for his good works, give to Philadelphia this noble statue of her most illustrious representative.

Not only is Benjamin Franklin the preëminent and unrivaled name in more than two hundred years of civic history, but he remains the typical Philadelphian. In his consummate moral and mental structure, with its rare union of sense, sobriety, wisdom, and quiet power, were concentrated and sublimated the essence and the attributes of the city and the people which he did so much to mould and upon which he conferred so much lustre.

He was, indeed, far more than the first Roman of his Rome. He was a founder of the nation and a citizen of the globe. Among all the masters even of the creative period of our history, only Washington shared his world-wide fame. In many-sided greatness Franklin was foremost of all. But wide as was his reach and deep as was his impress, to us he remains the matchless representative of our special heritage in whom our pride is centred and to whom our never-ceasing homage is offered.

Other memorials of Franklin rise in this city of his home. The University, advancing its ever-broadening sphere, stands as his sentient and enduring monument. The Philosophical Society, with its scholarly traditions, perpetuates his scientific side. The many institutions, equally of learning and of philanthropy, illustrate and commemorate his comprehensive thought and activity. Above all, that fame which is universal and immortal, which springs from deathless deeds and is part of the world's progress, erects and preserves his shrine in every mind and heart. The walls of St. Paul's Cathedral point to the memorial of its great architect in the legend: "If you would see his monument, look about you." If you would see the monument of Franklin, look wherever American greatness spreads its influence and wherever conspicuous service to mankind is remembered.

But it is peculiarly fit that this distinct commemorative work, rich and strong in the grace and glory of art, the gift of a Philadelphia donor and the creation of a Philadelphia sculptor, should rise on this spot. There is a singular felicity in its suggestion and its environment. Franklin was the first Postmaster-General of the United American Colonies, and his benignant figure is here to signalize and em-

bellish this great Post Office, which illustrates the present magnitude of the service he began. He was the founder of the University, and here is its ancient site. He was the foremost journalist of the Colonies, and the statue of the typical printer appropriately stands here as an enduring emblem and model on the line of what has become Newspaper Row. He was preëminently the man of the people, voicing their daily thought and mingling in their daily work, and here, where he himself in his living form trod the street, is the focus of their daily exchange. Place, theme, symbol, association, and artistic treatment, all blend in harmonious and significant union in this worthy memorial.

The lofty tower on yonder City Hall is crowned with the colossal statue of William Penn. It is fit that from his serene and commanding height the Pioneer should overlook the city he founded. But more directly interwoven with the career and impulse of the growing community, actually spanning one-third of the city's entire life and guiding it through its critical history, it is no less fit that the master printer, postmaster, and leader, the peerless philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman, should forever look out upon this scene in the midst of the surging throng and in the centre of all the currents of activity.

And now, on behalf of Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge, who presents this statue of Benjamin Franklin to the city of Philadelphia, I commit it, Mr. Mayor, to your keeping, to be reverently guarded and cherished through all the coming years as a constant exemplar and a perpetual inspiration for the people.

Postmaster-General Smith's presentation speech was followed by an address by the Mayor of Philadelphia, who, as the representative of the city, formally accepted the statue. His speech ended the ceremonies of the day.

ADDRESS OF HON. SAMUEL H. ASHBRIDGE,

Mayor of Philadelphia.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—On behalf of the city of Philadelphia, whose chief executive officer I have the honor to be, I gladly accept this beautiful statue. It is a lasting and appropriate monument which justly celebrates a great man. The memory of Franklin has ever been dear to the hearts of Philadelphians. He was one of its most honored citizens, and his achievements brought fame not alone to him, but to the municipality and to the nation. He was great in his inventive genius, great in his diplomacy and statesmanship, and great in his philanthropy.

His career through life was typical of the push and energy of American youth. He began in Philadelphia with his single loaf of bread, and advanced step by step through energy and self-sacrifice, through perseverance and ability, until he became a recognized authority, not only in the arts and sciences, not only in education and scholarship, but in the nobler attributes of patriotism and right living. He was a domestic man who did not forget the small things of life nor the encouragement due the weak by the strong. He was an artisan himself. He was at once the printer's apprentice and the patron saint of the "Art Preservative." He was a moulder of stoves and the philosopher who reasoned

with the elements. He was the modest and lowly husband and father, living unostentatiously among his neighbors at home, and at the same time was the pride and flower of diplomacy and learning in the tinseled courts of Europe.

In all things he was intensely American. In all things he was for Philadelphia. His handiwork is seen in history's pages in the municipal development of our city. He dealt with the questions which confront us to-day. He was a soldier enlisted to protect the homes of Philadelphians. He was a citizen who contended with the problems of water and highways and municipal conveniences, even as we contend with them.

The city has reason to be proud of the great men who have gone, and Benjamin Franklin is one whose memory comes closer to the hearts of those who admire the Philadelphia type of man more than any other.

The memory of Franklin has never been forgotten. It never can be. The work achieved by him was as lasting as the bronze statue unveiled in his honor to-day. In their patriotism and in their pride, the citizens have not forgotten to honor Franklin and do justice to his memory. They have been lax only in outward demonstration. Happily for them, there has arisen one citizen keenly alive to that chord of sympathy which finds an echo to-day in every Philadelphia heart. It has been left for Mr. Justus C. Strawbridge to erect this monument and to remove forever a suggestion of neglect with which our citizens are sometimes charged. No Philadelphian will regret the work that has been done; none will deny to Mr. Strawbridge the praise and honor which are so properly his, and which he so diffidently accepts. He has merely given voice to the expression of the

love and esteem of all the people for one of the great men in the history of Philadelphia and in the annals of the nation.

For the city of Philadelphia, I accept this statue as the voluntary gift of Mr. Strawbridge, and extend to him my congratulations upon the unanimity with which the people approve his generous act.

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